



JUNE, 1920.

# L'UMILE PIANTA

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MISS H. E. WIX, 26, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.  
MISS P. WILLIAMS, 8, S. Germain's Place, Blackheath, S.E.



## CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

1917. Crookham, E. B., The Vicarage, Wisbeach, Cambs. (sole).  
 1912. Couchman, J. E., 27, Corso Umberto, Livorno, Italia.  
 1908. Evans, D. F., Rusthall, Hastings Road, Bexhill, Sussex (home).  
 1905. Haslam, G., 14, Elsee Road, Rugby (sole).  
 1901. Hirtzel, S. (Mrs. Albrechtsen), Kampala, Uganda, S. Africa.  
 1917. Menzies, M. D., c/o Mrs. Galloway, Blervie, Forres, N.B. (post).  
 1913. Millar, M. J. B. (Mrs. Crawshaw), Schole Manor, Schole.  
 1904. Owen, M. E., St. Margaret's School, Hill Crest, Natal (post).  
 1904. Rothera, M. (Mrs. L. Rothera), Elmwood, Beaumont Avenue, St. Albans, Herts.  
 1919. Smith, U. B. L., 7, York View, Pocklington, Yorks; Kirklington Rectory, Bedale, Yorks.  
 1911. Smith, J. R., P.U. School, 9, Darnaway Street, Edinburgh (post).  
 1898. Stubbs, H. M., 5, Cavendish Place, Bath (home).  
 1915. Taylor, M. R. (Mrs. T. P. McIntosh), 13, Spottiswoode Road, Edinburgh.

## MARRIAGES.

MILLAR—CRAWSHAY.—On Tuesday, April 27th, at Hampstead Parish Church, Muriel Julia Beatrice Millar to Captain Eric Crawshaw.

TAYLOR—MCINTOSH.—On April 23rd, at Bellevue, Colinton, Midlothian, Thomas P. McIntosh, of Burntisland, to Margarita Russell, daughter of the late A. H. Taylor, Bellevue, Colinton.

## NOTICES.

Since the last number of L'UMILE PIANTA came out, the Whitby gathering has taken place. What happy memories the name of Whitby will recall to the numerous students and the 150 children who spent such a glorious week there! Everything went without a hitch, thanks to the splendid management of Miss Parish and Miss Wix. The only sorrow of the students was that more of their number could not be present. To this they testified in a most practical manner by collecting among themselves the sum of £3 1s. so that those who were not so fortunate might hear about the gathering in THE PIANTA, which owing to lack of funds would otherwise have been a very small number.

The students present at the gathering were: Mrs. Hughes Jones, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Shelley, Mrs. Crawshaw, Mrs. Corder, Mrs. Campbell, the Misses Bernau, Flewker, Pennethorne, E. Smith, Edwards, L. E. and K. Clendinnen, Parish, Wix, Young, C. E. Henderson, I. E. Brown, C. C. Strachan, Harvey, J. R. Smith, Curry, Mackie, Gladding, Bowser, Claxton, Stoddart, Panter, Nugent-Thorpe, M. Allen, E. Armitage, Dodds, Cholmondeley, Sykes, Peacey.

The next number of L'UMILE PIANTA will appear on October 15th. All communications must be written on *one* side of the paper only and should reach the Editor (9, Darnaway Street, Edinburgh) *not later* than September 15th.

Miss Mew asks me to send a notice to the PLANT to tell students that she has given up her work at "Barts," where as Sister Faith she has worked so splendidly for many years, and has joined the Convent of the Holy Cross, Haywards Heath. Her "clothing" as a novice took place on March 18th and her name is now Mari-a. She sends her love to all her friends and I am sure that we wish her every happiness in her new life.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Will all students who have not yet sent in the subscription of 3s. 6d. for 1920 (and there are a great many) kindly send to me as soon as possible, for the money is badly needed, and though we have no outstanding debts I have not enough in hand to pay for the next magazine. And the prospect of postage rising still further does not help to brighten the outlook. So please inundate me with postal orders as soon as you can.

## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE A.O.S.A.

The Committee decided to strike out in a fresh direction for the annual meeting this year, and it will take the form of an expedition to Kew Gardens and Richmond. We hope that all students who possibly can will join us, and that the experiment will prove a success. The meeting will take place on Saturday, July 10th, and the meeting place will be the Alexandra (or Lichfield) Gate of the Gardens at 2.30 p.m. Buses Nos. 27 and 73 pass the gate and Kew Gardens Station (District and Met.) is only a few minutes' walk away; the Gate can be seen right at the bottom of Lichfield road from the station. The idea is to wander through the Gardens and out at the drawbridge entrance and to follow the towing path round to Richmond (about three-quarters of an hour walk), where tea will be served in a special marquee in the gardens of the Bridge House Hotel, facing the river, at 1s. 9d. per head. There are plenty of trains back to town from Richmond by various lines. We do hope that we shall be a really large party. Will all who intend to come kindly send their names to me by the beginning of that week, so that I can make more definite arrangements for tea. The 1s. 9d. is to include "real" butter, if any further inducement is needed!

LILIAN GRAY,  
 3, St. David's Avenue,  
 Bexhill.

## LETTERS.

Scale How,  
 Ambleside.

DEAR OLD STUDENTS,

As I write the sun is shining and at last it really seems as if the weather were taking a turn for the better. We have been



very unfortunate so far, and have only had one "long-half" this term, but we are hoping for better luck now.

Owing to measles in the village last term we had to flee hastily away a fortnight earlier than was originally planned, and so we are having a nice long summer term.

Four new juniors have arrived this term to swell the crowd. Junior Walk is taking place this week, and then they will be taking over the school.

Miss Peacey (S.M.) was the only present student fortunate enough to go to the Whitby gathering. She came back full of it, and gave us a most delightful drawing-room evening on her experiences. It was a very full and interesting account and is to appear in the *Parents' Review*. Miss de Putron, a cousin of a former student, paid us a visit last week, and listened to lessons in the school, and saw the College at work. Mr. Household has also paid us another visit. He was very busy during the whole of his visit. He went down to school and heard the lessons there—he also wished to examine some of the children's report books, especially those of Forms I and III. He wished to find what standard of work was attained in those forms in the P.U.S.

On the Friday, crits took place, and Mr. Household heard a lesson on "Inflorescences," given to the 4th Form, and "Tales of Troy and Greece" to the 1st Form. Afterwards the 5th Form came up and read and narrated a long piece from Browning's "The Death in the Desert." This Mr. Household regarded as a marvellous feat of understanding. He also heard some narration in French, German, and Italian from the students on Saturday.

On Friday evening a drawing-room evening was held, and on Saturday afternoon Miss Mason gave an "At Home," and the Juniors acted "The School for Scandal" again.

On Monday morning Mr. Household gave us a most interesting talk, which, owing to lack of time, he could not finish; but at the students' earnest request he finished it in the evening. He told us a great deal about the elementary schools, and about the difficulties they had to overcome on joining the P.U.S. He said that in most cases it was the variety of books which appealed to both teachers and children alike.

Under the old regime each child is allowed 3s. per year for books. He said that the children are always wanting to take their books home and read them to themselves. He told us of one naughty boy of twelve who used to chase his mistress round the school with a stick, who had become reformed chiefly through his love of the Nature books. He was the son of a gamekeeper, and these books told him all sorts of things he had always wanted to know, and he could not be got away from them. He also said that in one school the authorities grudgingly admitted that perhaps the children might understand one of Shakespeare's historical plays, but that such a play as "King Lear" was utterly beyond them. As Mr. Household aptly put it: "By the mercy

of God that very play had been set for them to read!" He himself was startled at the way in which they interpreted it.

He told us that one difficulty was the cost of books; but that where teachers were keen they overcame their difficulties in a marvellous way.

He gave a word of advice to all who wished to enter an elementary school into the P.U.S. which was, first and foremost, get to know the teachers and interest them.

He also said that elementary school teachers were the most highly-trained and technically skilful teachers that there were, because they had to be able to keep a large class of twenty children good, and interested, and occupied, and they had no books to do it with either.

Space forbids that I should quote any more from Mr. Household's very interesting talk, except to say how very enthusiastic he seemed.

It being Empire Day on Monday, we had a delightful and inspiring service in St. George's. After tea, Mr. Household planted an oak on the lawn opposite the Practising School to commemorate the 150th elementary school having entered the P.U.S.

During crits we have had very helpful and interesting remarks from Miss Mason. She once said, apropos of a citizenship lesson, that we were never to give opinions to children. Citizenship was a difficult subject. Books with an expressed opinion were never chosen—they were rather books of a wide general outlook. Miss Mason also said that when the children found the book stiff or when they did not seem to be getting out of it all they might, then a bridge must be made by the teacher, by which they could meet the author half-way, so to speak.

In talking about reading and narration lessons, Miss Mason also said that it was very important to get a conversational tone into the lesson. The children ought to be so interested that they ventured remarks of their own on the subject.

This letter seems very long, but such an interesting visitor as we have had gives one a great deal to write about.—Yours, etc.,

THE PRESENT STUDENTS.

21, Oak Street,  
Windermere.

DEAR EDITOR,

As those of us who were at Whitby know, Mrs. Franklin has suggested that we of the P.U.S. should form an old P.U.S. Pupils Association.

Many of us have felt the need for such an association in order that the old P.U.S. pupils scattered all over the world may keep in touch with one another. Not only this, but now that there is so great a call for Miss Mason's principles and teaching everywhere, those who have shared in the joys of the P.U.S. could do much useful work in spreading Miss Mason's teaching wherever they are. All of us, I feel sure, would be glad to help, and Mrs. Franklin says she needs all our help!



The following are the conditions and advantages to members, which Mrs. Franklin has suggested:—Anyone who has been in the school for two years, and who had not left it before they were eleven, should be eligible for membership at the age of seventeen, for a subscription of 15s. 6d.

(1) Membership of the P.N.E.U., which would entitle them to get the *Review*, use the library, go to lectures. In addition special lectures should be arranged for the Association at least once a year.

(2) Opportunity of making use of a course of reading, based on Form VI of the P.U.S.

I also hope it would be possible to have a magazine, suitable both for old and present pupils in the P.U.S. A magazine does help to keep one in touch with one's old school, and would be a great joy to the present pupils, I know.

Would all students kindly make this scheme known to their old pupils, and will those who think they would join the Association send their names and addresses to me?

PHYLLIS N. BOWSER.

## THE WHITBY GATHERING.

When I sit with the programme in front of me and conjure up those scenes so poorly represented by a few words of print, I see the impossibility of reconstructing a week so full of love, joy, peace—the gifts of the Spirit.

The Spa, that centre of our activities, stands on the sea front. The sea was with us all the week, it joined itself to the ranks of those who looked on and, at high tide, listened with a wise and sparkling smile to lessons upon men and women whom it knew with an intimate knowledge. At low tide the waves stood on each other's shoulders to see the amazing sight of perhaps 300 people of all ages streaming on to its shore to search for fossil remains of creatures for which it had stood Godmother centuries before.

In the Spa we all met at eight o'clock on Monday evening. We students knew that we had come to Scale How again, a Scale How whose form was strange, but with Miss Mason still among us and with the creed picture, huge but invisible, upon the walls. Mrs. Franklin and the Marquis of Normanby inaugurated the gathering, giving us addresses which summed up the aims and objects of the Parents' Union and its school. It was difficult to leave the Spa that evening, but Miss Parish and Miss Wix did at last succeed in shutting the doors with everyone safely outside.

"Tuesday, 9.30, Service in St. Mary's Church." The programme omits to mention how you must cross the bridge over the estuary and climb the hill through the narrow streets with the sun reddening the tiled roofs, how you must face the one hundred and ninety-nine steps—finally how you find Caedmon's Cross

at the top and the church behind it, St. Hilda's Abbey looking over all. We sang "Come Holy Ghost," and then after a short service, Chancellor Austin told us about St. Hilda ("they gave themselves to God") and how "first things came first" in her life as they must do in ours.

Down the steps again we trooped (counting with pre-occupation) and in the Spa we met together, parents, children, students and onlookers, to partake in the next item—"lessons as per timetable." Thanks to the wonderful foresight of Miss Parish and Miss Wix and to the activities of the stewards (old members of the P.U.S.), the children were each in their own classroom and group, with their allotted victim (of course I mean student) at the head of their table. Every day for an hour the children had lessons—lessons in which "the grand elemental principle of pleasure" was present, as their faces testified. Each child, the night before, had found a letter from Miss Mason and a painted name-plate awaiting him or her. They wore their names on their dresses or coats and the letter on their faces. "People look happy when they have nice things to think about," the letter said. I think the children and all of us found those things at Whitby.

On Tuesday, lessons were followed by a lecture and a geology walk conducted by Mr. Sewell. On this occasion, as on the other "walks," Nature was generous and revealed her ammonites, corals, pebbles and live creatures liberally. Mr. Sewell was besieged by hands which clasped fragments of the earth's surface, each of which he showed to be a treasure of greater or less value.

In the evening Miss McCombie gave a lecture on birds, illustrated by lantern slides. The summer visitants and gulls stood before us and gave us the chance of studying them at leisure, that we might recognize them later on at Mulgrave Woods or in Whitby town. After supper, Mrs. Gould gave a Scale How evening on "Sea poems," and we were introduced to Chanteys, fascinating songs of the sea which should be rescued permanently from the protecting walls of the British Museum. Miss Gladding sang them to her own accompaniments in a spirit that rejoiced the heart.

The weather was still fine, but threatening, on Wednesday. After lessons the letters from the Dominions were read and were given round to be answered by the children. These letters helped to give us that living idea of the P.U.S. which we brought away with us from Whitby. They gave significance to that map, hanging in the entrance of the Spa, upon which P.U.S. soil was made clear to the eye.

At noon, a long queue astonished the ticket office at the station with a never varying demand for tickets for Goathland. Everyone, armed with ticket and sandwiches, eventually packed into the train and was taken up the Esk valley to the moors. The parish room at Goathland had been got ready, and it seated the company, the weather being too uncertain to picnic out of



doors. After the sandwiches had disappeared, Miss Parish asked for any children to volunteer a song or recitation, and two courageous and quite unselfconscious people provided "Naseby" and "Oh! no, John," to the great approval of the rest. Miss Pennethorne in her talk on geography, aroused our determination to discover the origins of local names, the reasons for changes in the weather and for the general features of the landscape. Then the company divided into two, one party, led by Miss Pennethorne, visited Mallyan Spout, the others walked off over the moors to examine the paving stones of the Roman road and the remains of the British settlement. We returned to the parish room, very well pleased with what we had seen and heard, not forgetting the curlew and the grouse. Here tea was ready for us—a bit of Miss Parish's magic again.

As we went back in the train silence did not reign supreme. A free narration of a morning lesson was going on in my carriage, lava being described as a kind of pumice stone. "What a pity that it was so wet for you," someone said to a child. "We liked it better for that," was the answer. And so we did.

The Meeting for Teachers and Adults ("a liberal Education for all") took place on Wednesday evening, while Mrs. Edwin Gray talked to Forms III, IV and V on "Joy through service." Miss Golding read a splendidly direct paper on the true meaning of the work of the P.N.E.U., and gave us her experience of it in elementary school work. Questions were asked concerning the teaching of French and mathematics in the P.U.S., and the work of the teacher. The questioner was assured that though P.U.S. teachers must work as hard as others, their work is vivifying and saved from monotony by changes of the set work in each term's programme. Reading and narrating in foreign languages and the habit of giving the whole attention to the subject in hand are great helps in the study of languages and mathematics respectively.

After lessons on Thursday morning, Class I and II devoted an hour or so to the study of Whitby town and museum. The other forms, led again by Mr. Sewell, walked to Saltwick Bay and returned with thrilling accounts of the tracks of a Dinosaur, of Ammonites (St. Hilda's snakes) and Belemnites. Each day crowned the one before at Whitby, and Thursday's events were indeed joyous. Mrs. Howard Glover, in the "musical appreciation," brought us into living touch with Schubert's poetry-music. The songs were sung by the children to illustrate the lecture.

Then came the unforgettable lecture at the Abbey. Chancellor Austen showed us the Abbey in the growing, in the building, in distress, in desolation—a living place for living people.

A two hours' stand in a strong wind only seemed to make the children more ready for the games and competitions which were waiting them in the Spa at 8.30. Grown-up children watched the games from the gallery, and joined in the musical competitions with as much energy as that expended in the room below. The gallery at the Spa was an important spot, being the abode

of wonderful Century books, of paintings, Nature note-books, and handicrafts. The evening ended with "three rousing, raucous cheers" proposed by Mr. Michael Franklin and carried unanimously.

Friday was the best day of all—though no doubt if the Gathering had gone on, each day would have continued to be the best day. We sang the hymn, "God be in my head," and then Mrs. Franklin told us about the school motto. Then, outside the Spa, the children were drilled in two huge divisions by Mrs. Crawshaw (Miss B. Millar) the wind blowing both their hair and her commands about in a most disrespectful manner, but no one was in the least daunted by that. The last hour of lessons passed by, and then we began to say farewell to the Spa. Mrs. Franklin was the first to leave. The cheers at her "sending off" were the children's thanks for all that she had done to make the meeting successful. Miss Parish and Miss Wix were gently persuaded to appear on the doorstep of the Spa before we all left, and there the children gave them flowers and confused them with cheers.

So we left the Spa to exchange its comments on the P.U.S. (surely friendly ones) with the Sea, and when next we came together it was in the train for Sandsend. The sun did its best for us that afternoon. It created for us an impression of greenness and fruit blossom. The children made flower-lists and searched for birds. At Old Mulgrave Castle the Marquis of Normanby met us and told us about the history of the place, not forgetting the giants. Then we stood in serried ranks, or rather heaps, while the photographer arranged us into groups upon the ruined walls. Back through the woods we streamed and wound to the New Castle where tea was waiting for us. Then a walk back to the shore and so home again.

Whitby! Who knows the origin of the name? May not henceforth the word take a new meaning? For there we found the Sevenfold Gifts, and, for five days at least, our conversation was in Heaven.

ESSEX CHOLMONDELEY.

## SOME GEOGRAPHICAL WALKS IN THE MALVERNS.

Every country side will repay loving study of what God meant it to be and what men have made of it. But some of the beauty spots of the world should be studied as much for their causes as for their effects. Here in the five Malverns we have three climates, three geological systems with the botanical series to match, and endless racial, historical and practical problems.

The ordinary visitor on arrival has come across the flat alluvial valleys of the Teme and Severn and the new red sandstone country of the former marine lake. There are still four or five maritime flowers which linger on in the ditches of Barnard's Green. The slender Buplever for one! When the mighty con-



vulsion took place which heaved up the Malverns through the Silurians some odd results ensued, and here and there on the top of the hills may be seen little crumpled caught-up portions of the original surface. There is one visible in a quarry at the top of the Happy Valley! For seven miles and more the hills run roughly north and south with the Camp Hill, and Tinker Hill (of volcanic ash) nearly half a mile out of line, thrown out like a great bastion. The peculiar *diorite* granite of these hills, only to be found elsewhere by the St. Lawrence, of Canada, is very dark in colour and has endured much weathering, for it is one of the oldest parts of England which has remained as surface, while the face of the waters covered all beside. It was on these uplands with their short turf and elevation above the pestilential mists of undrained valleys that "early man" lived, and made his earthworks to protect his herds and his family. The Camp Hill is a fine example, with its banks cut at an angle of 30 degrees and its two chariot gaps. Many local authorities believe that this camp is also a great solar calendar connected with Druidical worship, for on Midsummer Day the sun rises directly visible through the Eastern gap. We proved that fact by camping out last Midsummer night and watching the sun rise behind Breden Hill on an absolutely clear horizon and above a shining belt of white mist marking the whole course of the Severn from Worcester to the Bristol Channel. There are other evidences of the early occupation of these hills for there is another camp towards the southern end called the Midsummer Camp where hut circles are visible, and I myself found a perfect hut circle on the other extremity on the North Hill on a flat place at the abrupt end of the hills above the valley and "the link!"

Between these points along all the leaside of the summit runs a bank formerly called "The Red Earl's Dyke," and connected with a romantic tale of a fierce quarrel between an Earl of Gloucester and a Bishop of Hereford in Edward I's reign—but it is far older and probably marks an early track way. The passage westwards of all the moving peoples of migratory days may be seen in the "Silurian gap" above Castle Morton Common, where a labyrinth of old sunken track ways meet, and cross the hills at a wind gap. The modern roads run along the great fault line, parallel with the line of the hills, and the springs break out just above or below the road, and the trees begin upon the limestone. The very bracken becomes obviously larger and finer on the softer strata! The beauty of the wonderful western landscape with the far-off Welsh mountains depends largely on the fact that the undulations mark the "bowls of saturation" and consequent solution of the limestone which resulted in the apparently waterless valleys. A new map is being made of the whole district by the local people interested in geographical problems, and is available for any who want to add to it the historical, racial, and social points which still need to be worked out—the effects deduced from the causes. We take definite

"walks" along the sections to be mapped—geological, botanical, historical, etc.

For instance, one section will begin with the so-called "gold" mines on the top of the hills just beyond the beacon (the gold was really copper and the old workings have long since been filled in). Then we descend amongst moor-land plants—*Trigonel*, *Moenchia* and *Teesdalia*—Heath galium, etc., to the brewery spring (one of the old medicinal wells which first brought visitors to Malvern), there among the grass Butterwort can still be found. Then on we go, down the deserted trolley railway which once brought Malvern granite down to Colwall station (the *collis vallis* of the Romans). Along this line we meet limestone plants such as the White Bryony and the Bladder Campion. Then in the woods that fill the valleys are the alder trees from which some people derive the name of Malvern, and whose wood still goes to Lancashire to make clogs. If we started from the Camp Hill we should strike a true limestone burrowing spring, visible on the surface for three fields and then disappearing down a hole like a rabbit, to reappear far down the valley at an angle where there is another fault line. A little earlier in the year we should find the wild snowdrops just above that spring's origin, and later on the wild daffodils in the wetter parts of the woods.

We should find the truth of the statement about "three climates" if we started on the Eastern or Severn side of the hills by the beautiful Little Malvern Priory (whose round Columbarium still remains as a tower attached to the present house, and whose stew ponds still provide the Friday fish for the still Catholic household). On a day when a South-wester is blowing it will be hot and still in this sheltered spot, but as we climb up the hill and meet the full force of the blast, and often enough a scud of cloud as well, we realize that there may be 20 degrees difference in the temperature. As we descend the western side we realize that this is the rainy aspect, the ground is often wet, and in winter the snow often remains long after all traces have disappeared on the opposite side. The true water-shed is not, however, on the Malverns themselves, but on a little side limestone spur near Eastnore Park and bearing a family memorial obelisk—it is here that the streams divide; some circling round the south of the hills to meet the Severn by Gloucester, and others running north to meet the Teme and so the Severn above Worcester, but none crossing the face of the undulating country to meet the Wye.

The actual view from either the Beacon or the Camp Hills is all the more wonderful when we know that we can see the last and most easterly archæan rocks by Dudley, the long straight layers of the Lias of the Cotswolds looking east and the Black Mountains of Wales looking west and even Plynlimmon itself and the Wrekin on a clear day. Then of the works of man we can see Worcester and its cathedral, Tewkesbury Abbey and far-off Gloucester and the smoke of Cheltenham, and on a clear day, when we know where to look, the spire of Stratford-on-Avon



church and some loops of that river, and westward, Hereford just visible in the haze. It is a wonderful country for legends—we have our own saints—St. Werstan, our battle grounds and stories of Worcester and Evesham and Tewkesbury, and the dark tale of the Ragged Stone and how its curse fell upon Cardinal Wolsey. But it was a very lonely country in the middle ages, save for the Benedictine Abbeys, and it remained so until the refugees after the Battle of Worcester “squatted” on the great open commons and remained to farm, as the title-deeds of their descendants show.

Whatever your tastes may be, you can satisfy them on our hills; the literary can read *Piers Plowman's Vision*, or Butler's *Hudibras*, the bird lovers can hear the churn owl and more cuckoos surely than ever come elsewhere—the butterfly and moth-catcher can find the Green Comma or the Wood Ringlet—we have Herb Paris for the botanist—and the last refuge of Sir John Oldcastle for the historian.

So I advise all geographical walkers to come here and, following their own bent, do something towards enriching our map and adding treasures to their own memory.

R. A. PENNETHORNE.

### A VISIT TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

On Saturday, May 29th, four students met Miss Bernau at the British Museum and went to the Greek rooms illustrating their term's work for *The Book of Centuries*. Unfortunately two of the vase rooms are closed for redecoration, so some of the cases in the other rooms are in rather a congested state: this makes identification a little difficult, but quite enough can be found to greatly interest the children. One case of Pan-Athenaic vases is specially interesting, and the children will love wandering round the cases, and finding out those vases that have pictures of which they know the stories.

The room of “Greek and Roman Life” is not disturbed. There the children will find much to delight them.

I think some students must have overlooked the notice of this visit in the last PLANT, or surely more would have availed themselves of the privilege of going round the rooms with Miss Bernau, before taking their children there.